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**Imagine the obvious
till it's really here.
It appears we say
when something's obvious—
Uncle Gregory isn't
coming for Christmas,
it never rains on Labor Day.
Fact. Anything
would be a relief
wouldn't it? No wonder
Tolstoy had no use for Chehov,
we blunder through
all those silent conversations.**

24 July 2013

=====

**Right to be silenced
by beauty. Even
my saying this should prove
I have not really seen it,
felt it, known.
But after silence,
praise is the next best thing.**

24 July 2013

=====

**Don't know how we're doing
what we don't know how to do
it is one step and then another**

**before we know it
we're in another language
a sort of singsong that loves us**

**something milder than a mother
hotter than a lover, all innuendo
casual and strong**

and here we are at last.

2.

**Or is it at the other side of it
one more compulsion
like roses tossing themselves around in the wind**

**means you can't help it,
the wind makes you nervous
like the mistral slicing through the *marinade***

**I use the words that I was given
north wind dispels that sticky southern coastal smog
and everything has a name**

**Africa is for lions,
tigers for India, China for pandas,
every child knows that**

**but what country are we for
or is it for us, the purple,
the plains that Ceres gave**

**in every land they walk on dirt
they breathe the air
the flowers never remember.**

25 July 2013

=====

**Quiet mind
says everything.**

26.vii.13

=====

The things we last
are losing.
One hears a distant
hammering in the pipes
but there are no neighbors.
You are all alone
in this big house.
A bird maybe,
a fortune teller
at the window
selling omens out there
from his little cart,
a goat is tugging it,
he has one eye —
could it be me
in profile, the mirror?
I was lying before
when I said you.
It was me all along,
too scared
to say so,
of the night,
the images, you.

26 July 2013

=====

Try to tell the weather

what to do.

Use ancient difficult words

it might remember

from when it was young

and played with Zoroaster

on Europe's highest mountain

or do I need

a darker

animal than that?

26 July 2013

=====

**Diffident to say against
but quiet seeming
names of people
trigger the heart
cumulus verging from the east
white crow.**

**It's gotten cooler since I came downstairs...
wow, I affect the weather!**

26 July 2013

=====

**I have so many things to tell you
I have to begin somewhere else
someone else's mouth
telling only what I don't know**

**don't fade on me,
don't let the rose wake up too soon.**

26 July 2013

=====

1.

Blowsy land long streams
cotton feels the air
nobody naked ever
or never. This summer.
gephura, a bridge,
spes nostra, our hope,
Schattenduft, the smell of shadows
wait here till I get more.
I mean a bridge is your only hope.
When I was a little boy trolls lived under them.

2.

I too have seen their shadows
moving sly across the running water.
I know what shadow means,
I know how it smells. To be down there
where it is cool and goes!
A bridge to cross.
Another land.
tlas, the ground I stand on
tellus, the earth.
Tell us the land I stand on is water.

**Tell me I can walk on shadows
as every day I do. *Meridies*, at noon.**

3.

It is about escaping.

**We are exiled here from somewhere
noble and fine. A world beyond.**

**The only hope of exiles is more exile,
no returning, once an exile always an exile.**

Pretend you are a nomad

***no mas*, no homestead,**

pretend you have somewhere to go

pretend there is somewhere else.

Just go.

4.

**The smell of shadows lingers
even after the child grows up.**

**The trolls are quiet now,
have pretty wives of their own
you sometimes catch a glimpse of.**

**Near the waterfall, at evening,
when the swifts come out and arrow through the air
seeking their small prey
quem devorent that they may devour.**

**But by the time you see the birds
the pretty wives are gone.**

5.

***Sweven*, to dream,
also a *swoon*,
how to tell them apart.
I dreamt I woke and played like other children
but we were old, not ancient,
but no child. No children in this world.
We played the way water does
and air, we held on to each other and let go.
The trolls were watching from the shadows.
I said Be careful of the trolls.
My friends answered There are no wolves.
I didn't say wolves I said trolls.
Oh they said and held me tighter
as if they were afraid of what I thought.
Let us hold you,
let us clutch you as if you were a bag,
a leather bag full of milk or wine.
Skene or shadow
one of them held me.
Now it was time for laughing.
The rose roared.**

27 July 2013

=====

**Build a bridge under water
the beauty of its structure
— stone, wood, I. K. Brunel's red iron —
improves the sea.**

2.

**For we were brought here to define
give name and shapes to natural things
and teach them manners.**

3.

**Or we were born for this
from seafoam and crucifixion
to work out of pain
a frail beauty
that teaches somewhere else
a beauty lasts.**

28 July 2013

=====

**It has rained and will again —
the day is *kawoq*, rainday
and we are back in sequence.**

**When the calendar and the weather agree
wise men say All is well.**

**Women keep their own counsel —
they were here before such things.**

28 July 2013

=====

**I used to be rhetorical
but now I tell the truth.
And both are lies.**

28 July 2013

=====

**Use wisdom to white the wall
write words on it, not many
tooth or rose or river name
I'm shy and like to stay at home**

**where better can I wrestle the Giant Forms
out of the mind and onto the page?
Mind is a fishnet in a flowing world,
have to be as quick as it.**

**And leave you with a woven word
for you to untangle your story.
It is yours. It is you.
What else do I know, what else could I do?**

28 July 2013

=====

**I like this word “I” —
it lets me imagine someone there
but all it is is vector
carrying attention from one thing to another
riding desire into the chastest hills
there, there, far away and at your side.
I carry nothing and bring it everywhere.**

28 July 2013

=====

**The little boy has run away.
First he hid with his tablet
under the porch next door
then when nobody was looking
he ran and ran and how to find him now.
Will he ever be found again?
I feel responsible somehow
because it was in my mind
all this happened, wasn't it
while I was just dozing in the sun?**

27 July

(28 July 2013)

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**I'm trying to skip
a stream across a stone
because my father was so good
at the other thing**

**but the water has a mind of its own--
I wish I could say the same of me.**

**27 July 2013
(28 July 2013)**